KIRKSVILLE CARDS.

MILLAN & JOHNSON,

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REAL ESTATE & TAX PAYING AGENT. KIRKSVILLE MO.,

Ruys and sells lands, town property etc., on commission. Some very desirable farms and city property, unimproved and improved for salt at great here this. These point reast con-lessed meatrants farmished and account con-lected for a sile. Ourselves of him excelled. Air business booked after with ours and prompt ess, tilles -final -ast corner agerts over Brewington & Fowler's Store, assum to.

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a stracts, loans money on improved farms at a low rate of interest. Office at Collector's office in Musonic Building.

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LIVERY, FEED -AND-

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Prompt Conveyance to all Parts of the County. BARN-SOUTH OF PUBLIC SQUARE,

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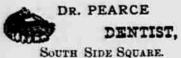
IRON HOUSE FRONTS. ALL KINDS OF GRAY IRON CASTINGS, Quincy, Illinois, Corner Fifth and Ohio, St.,

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BRASS FOUNDRY,

MODEL MAKER AND MACHINE REPAIRER. Third and Main Street Quincy, Illinois.

As paid for oaranteed satisfactory or no pay at work gundshild copper, brzincas, lea avC FOR SALE-Farm of 118 acres within one mile of Kirksville. Good 8 room house, two halls, two room cellar, closets and pantries. Good farm, orchard of two hun-dred trees, small fruit, 100 acres in cultiva-tion, 18 acres in good pasture. Address this



NEW LIVERY

-AND-

FEED STABLE



DAVID SMALLWCOD Has remodeled the old NORTH MISSOURI BARN and is prepared to furnish EllEGANT TURNOUTS at short notice. Feed Stable in connection with livery.

LOWEST RATES IN TOWN. GIVE HIM A CALL.

WEEKLY CRAPHIC KIRKSVILLE, MO. E. Suble to. : Proprietor

USES OF SORROW AND NIGHT.

It is true, what the Scr ptures have taught us.
What the voices of nature all teach?
That Night unto Night utters knowledge,
And Day unto Day gives it speech,
Aye, giveth it eloquent speech.

Sad Night is the mother of Morning,
Who strays to the Orient bars,
Where he waits till in tears she rehearses
The lesson and leve of the stars—
Ah! wonderful love of the stars!

And the sky blushing rod at his coming, Receives to her heart every ra. That meeted his sende as together. They tass through the perjats of Day— The amber-hand partials of Day!

Then they sing a new song, and its numbers lieved the sweet roses of Night.

This we learn from the voice of their singing where flow the jure founts as of light.

The crystalline founts as of light.

From Night with its darkness and terror, Barth turns to the smiles of the Mornt From the night of our labor and sorrow We learn where love's fountains are born. Where his fountains of gladness are born. Night weareth her mautle of shadows, That blossoming stars may appear, And sorrow is sent that the spirit has learn of the life that is near— Of the beautiful life that is near.

Every flower with its dew-dripping challee,
Every cloud drifting on to the light.
While the hymn that is vocal in nature
Proclaims the sweet uses of Night—
The uses of torrow and Night
—Belle Bush.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST

A Story of Life in the Great Mississippi Valley.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR. (COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY THE A. N. KELLOGO

CHAPTER XXIV .- CONTINUES. John Earling did not look up; his eyes were bent upon the face of ashes before him. The end had come; the millions and millions of seconds that had made up this man's life had dropped away from it misspent until now the last dark few were falling. No words could compass it. No wind ever breathed into the night a sigh as sad, no rain-drop ever fell into the darkness with sound so mournful, as this thought's flight into the mind. John Earling's chin sank upon his breast with it, the human ruin before him stiffened, twitched, relaxed, gasped with thirst-tormented mouth, and lay still. The chief, who with the into the night, weak and dizzy from the scene of death.

CHAPTER XXV.

A hundred sharp feelings were twining and turning about in John Earling's breast as he walked out into the street from the sevenfold darkness that had enveloped Ivyl Snaer. For the moment he seemed bewildered by the flood of thought and emotion that crushed in upon him. The burden of these revelations suddenly imposed upon him seemed to numb his very senses. He was going blindly toward Celeste; blindly in that he did not consider why, or note the forces that im-pelled him. The throbbing heart of his inclination was an impulse, that fairly cried out in its agony, to tell her that the black information that had fallen upon him had not changed him. save to make her dearer. She had been sinned against, he thought, struck with darkness, drove through hate and love and murder most piteously near to him. A kind of anguish filled him for her, love's delicious fever with pity burning in it. He felt, but did not heed, in presence of this larger feeling, his own transcendent wrongs. Ah! even now, without knowing it, she had begun to purge those wrongs away through love, to blot out the black foundation which her kinsman had laid in blood with, to him, a sweet and blinding atmosphere of light.

Suddenly he stopped; God in Heaven! what was he thinking of? Was he mad? Why was he rushing, as if gone daft with pity, to load this heart-breaking thing upon the shoulders of this blame. less creature? Why not carry the horror himself? even if need be caught forever so close to his breast and held so hard, should she ever lay ner silken head trustingly there. O bitter heav-enly hour! she should not hear it breathe! Nay, he would hold it from bim until, from want of sorrow to feed upon, it fell into ashes and forgetful-ness! She should not bear it! "Oh!" he cried there in the lonely street stretching his bands up toward the stars, "keep her from it. God! She is good, she is gentle, she is blameless! Let not this burden fall upon her! Let me bear it! let me bear it!"

John Earling felt clearer for that prayer, which seemed like sweat vrung out of the very fabric of his spirit. He turned back; why, if this secret were opened to her might not its appalling contents carry her from him? Would she ever wish to look him in the face again, knowing that her kinsman had been a murderer, and had done him and his this gall-like and inex-pressible wrong? Nay, how could he then ever look into her eyes again, knowing that his very presence must bring her sorrow and shame? "O, God!" he cried again, "keep it from her! Let her innocent life remain unclouded! Leave her spirit, which is clear and tranquil, still un-troubled! Let me bear it, let He did not think of the me bear it!" land which had been left to her, which in truth was his, and which had been so bitterly torn away from him. He only saw the pain this fell knowledge would bring to her, and the seeming danger to their love; love which, like life, o'ermounted all known values. He

dark fact might never reach her heart; he would remain apart and suffer, if it came to her, lest his very face should be a pain and shame to ber. Ah! he did not know the power of perfect love; love that draws like turning worlds! He did not know a woman's soul, a slender woman's strength!

In a moment he came to headquarters again. The windows were pen letting in the lukewarm air, and he paused irresolute. Inside he saw uniformed members of the night force smoking and walking about, and the chief, a phthisicky physician, and the chief, a phthisicky physician, and the picturesque private, entering from at inner room. They went in behind a railing to a desk, the private all the while being very lavish with his conglomerate, and the chief took up the dead man's sachel and opened it upon the deak. There were some articles of There were some articles of faded clothing, some packages of medicine and minerals and a small dagger in it. The private looked at the dagger as if he very much feared it might jump up and stab him. In a side pocket they found some papers: among them, tied together with twists of gray hair, as if plucked from the head in wildest fantsy, was the deed John Earling's father gave to Ivyl Snaer in the long ago, and a will be-queathing the property to Celeste. The chief read them in silence, but the private squinted over his shoulder and read aloud. John Earling listened with bated breath. Ah, God! then it was true! it was true!

The private ceased reading and clawed the papers about on the desk; they were mainly letters, prescriptions and recipes in the Spanish, Indian, Mexican and other South American dialects, and the picturesque private, looking hard at them, gasped: "'Oly snags and sand-bars, w'at writin'!"
Then he twisted his body around in one direction and twisted his face in the other, and worked his mouth and legs in a vain attempt to decipher it! "'Oly sand-bars!" he blurted again; "but the fag was hawful crazy! Look at 'iz writin'!" The wheezy physician looked and gathered his brow into a pucker. In a moment the chief looked

"What did the man say?" he demanded of his subordinate "Ho, such a cargo of 'ash as no jack-

hass could digest!'

"Rather disjointed?" asked the doctor. "Hall joints! it was a photograph of

the man 'izself!" "Did he tell his name?" asked the

"Why didn't you ask him for it?" "Hi was so scart hi didn't know "Fiddle! Well, did he mention either of these names here: lvyl

Snaer, John Earling or Celeste Bright?" Yes, 'e spoke of the one with the 'eavenly 'andle; said she was 'iz

"Any others?" first look had dispatched the nervous "Hu-m-m — lemme see! yes, 'e private for a doctor, said quietly: "It's spoke of a sister named Blower—hi no use," and John Earling walked out think it was-hout West, an' some feller named Prime who turned 'izself to a Fowler, an' some Mexican named Gunnysack, or somethin' like that." "I guess you don't know a great

deal about it. Why didn't you put down what he said?" "Gum! hi was puttin' 'im down; hi didn't want 'im to eat me!"

"Fudge! well, make a written statement to-night before it leaves your noodle altogether, and I will file the papers in the morning with the proper authority, and notify this niece -did you ascertain if there really was such a person?"

"Yes, hi 'eard 'er warblin'; leastwig the feller said it was 'er."
"I wonder if it was the lameish miss who sung in the concert at Music Hall

the other night? Seems to me that was "Hi wasn't there, but if that one 'ad

woice like a hangel it was 'er." "Well, I will look the matter up in the morning. Why, what become of the young man you brought? He could probably tell us about it. Then we ought to have his statement, too."

One of the night force, knocking the ashes from his pipe against the railing, said he had noticed him going out the side door, 'looking as if he had seen ghosts, or been shocked by Kentucky borbon,' and offered the further information that he had seen the young man often reading and writing in the court-

house library of late. But John Earling had fled away into the shadows ere the man had finished, crying within himself: "Oh! she will know it then! she will know it!" and again the fiery thirst to tell her all and of his love and pity came upon him, and his feet like two hot winds carried him toward her; but long ere he had finished half the distance he felt that he could not; that the very thought was a kind of insanity; and he swerved from his course and went into Eden Park, and through half the night walked about in its stillness, brooding, nd breaking out into prayer-like snatches of speech. Perhaps—no; she would surely know upon the morrow. He must not remain, it would only be the deadlier for her. If he had only told her of his love! O, if he had onl told her that! It seemed to him he must cry out; how could he leave her

When the morning broke he had gone. All the long day, while the train raced through the green world as if bent on entering the western haven ahead of the sun, self-pity and pity for her burned together in him, mixed with a thousand glimpses, shades and attitudes of the fatal matter. Man always follows the strongest influence: out of the myriad little forces that push and pull, one, abler than the rest, singly, or drawing others to its cause, ever plucks us away to do and follow its behest. With him it was a wish, a wish that was the a parching thirst, and only such perturns as baffled love engenders, to protest the slender, lame and motherless girl from shame and pain. It seemed to him he could only partly compass it at best, and that, by fleeing from her. Even if the fatal facts should escape from their old darkness into her sight, the property which had tallen to her, and which would have been his but for a death enveloped in doubt and mystery, would be like a gulf between them. O if he would go away, if need be, that thi:

had only told her of his love before! Now might she not think that he only sought his own through her? Might she not give herself to him to return him what might be his own and not for love, which he valued only? No, no, she would never be unworthy of herself; she could not be that. But if this self; she could not be that. But if this horror fell fully upon her, and he came te her then, would she not think it was out of sheer pity, and not for love! love which to her, as to him, must be dearer than gold, sweeter than pity, and all-sufficient in itself! He prayed mentally that the truth in all its crue! fullness might be denied her; that only the papers and the fact of her uncle's death might reach her. If an inquest were held, though the evidence might be meager and broken, he felt that her woman's soul must divine the truth. A's, he would not be 'her's to make it bitterer; they would into her and how whither bitterer; they would me, mowewhither he had gones not even she. That day he wrote her a note, with-

ox heading, saying simply that he had mought it lest to go away, and dropped it into a mail car that fleeted toward the East. The next morning he came into Openstone - Openstone sitting among her prairies, that lapped, and swayed, and rolled away, as if the fat old earth had gown unending double-chins. Indeed, Openstone seemed sitting in the heart of plenty, and was bustling and driving, as she had these tairty years with ever accelerating pulse, increasing numerals and enlarging airs. The ways of the cities were coming to be hers; here were hints of Babylon, there touches of Sodom, and still beyond glimpses of Gomorrah. Perhaps for these she was the more delightsome; perhaps for these she was a

thing for tears. John Earling walking spiritlessly up one of her streets carried too much that was dark upon his heart, and felt too much that was sad reel into his memory, to be much shaken with her No one knew where he had glory. been or for what purpose he had gone; it were much as if he had fallen out of a summer sky. But ere he had ar-rived at the office of Bower & Woodman he grew half conscious of a certain unwonted deference in the general welcome. He seemed to have grown to be a person of import. Suddenly Julius Popp bore springily down upon him, clapped his cane under his arm, tipped his tall hat to the back of his head, seized one of John Earling's hands in both of his and shook it until his glasses hung on the end of his nose, exclaiming: "Hah! now this is slick! this is brilliant! this is brilliant and slick! We've been looking for you! looking for you, sir! you have ascended into the seventh heaven of luck! manhood! fame! prosperity! Ah! this is slick! Brilliant is the name of 'er! Where have you been? 'er name of 'er!
Where have you been? 'er name's
slick! why didn't you write? slick's
'er name! Honeysuckles! but your
looking pale, but slick's 'er'—but
John Earling had gone, and Julius
jerked his glasses from his nose and glared after him and squealed: "The dickens! my, he didn't spond to me!" and presently bobbed on down the street, unconscious that he had not

given the young man a chance. At the office of Bower & Woodman John Earling was warmly received. Judge Bower was very hearty with him indeed. After conversing a mo-ment he said: "I presume your trip related to carrying out the intention you once told me of regarding the mystery of your father's death?"

'Yes, sir; it was almost entirely for that."

"Were you successful?" "Entirely so; and yet it remains a

"Ah, indeed! Well, I have a piece of news for you which is not. Woodman is dead and has left you his library and property.

John Earling sprang up, looking in a dazed, curious way at the other's face. "Me?" he said; "what—why did he leave them to me?" The judge smiled, softly. "The will says simply 'because he is honest and for other reasons.' Woodman was

deep, a kind of devil-angel." his head? "When did he die?" he

"In April." "What prevented?"

"His bequeathing me the property." "Why, don't you want it?"
"No;" and he shook his head, starng mistily at the floor; "it's not mine;

I never earned it. It must go to those Judge Bower looked long and incredulously at the young man's averted face. "Well," he sighed at last, "I guess old Woodman didn't misjudge

The young man continued gazing at the floor; after awhile he looked up. "I'll keep the library for his sake," he said. "The other was not earned by me at all, or much of it fairly by him. I shouldn't like to use it."

Judge Bower sighed again and moved about in his chair. "I don't need it," said John Earling, half pleadingly; "I can not in any manner make out that it is mine as I conceive of ownership, and as I see it, it really belongs to the people from whom it came, and I shall surely try to get it back into their hands, at least into the hands of those who need it."

The judge's heart might have been broken from the sigh he fetched. John Earling got up, took off his coat, and sat down at his desk. "I want to go to work," he said, in a mournful tired way. "I will promise to be social and civil in a day or two. I want to find myself or lose myself, or something of the kind," with a mirth-less smile, "I have about lost my senses

idling so much." "Yes, you'd best get to work," said the judge, with a bitter laugh, "you are not far from being as mad as old Woodman, himself!" and he sighed. John Earling's head! and eloquence and property! how they would boom the firm were he only a little harder and he sighed again. What an opportunity! what a chance to take fortune at the flood! and he sighed once more. He knew deep down in his soul that the young man was right; that selfless honesty was the rarest and perhaps mind; that for it to dominate the actions

of a life was sweeter than the posses sion of loosely-gotten millions, but he sighed; sighed like the rest of us to see a bauble, a vapor swept aside, leaving the real harvest, the wholesome field of

actuality where it swung.

It was like John Earling to get at once to work; it was the intuitive American way of numbing trouble; but he could not beat back or tie and east out the biting abysmal thoughts of Celeste that crowded into his mind.

The next day he went out to the still inclosure east of the town, and, passing among the oaks and evergreens, came where the earth had been wounded by the making of two graves, the darkest wounds earth ever gets. One was healing over, the other was fresh. He could not keep dry eyes or his heart a flight of recollections went over him!

Namey Manck, Charlie and Sight of recollections went over him!

Namey Manck, Charlie and Sight of recollections went over him!

Namey Manck, Charlie and Sight of recollections went over him!

Namey Manck, Charlie and Sight of recollections went over him!

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Namey Manck, Charlie and Sight of recollections went over him!

Namey Manck, Charlie and Sight of recollections went over him!

Namey Manck, Charlie and Sight of recollections went over him!

Namey Manck, Charlie

feelings were soft, a thing for gratulation, and he gave them honest tears; he could not give them more; they had gone beyond him. But when he came out from the shady sacred place he stopped and took a note-book from his pocket; the check the old lawyer gave him was there, and when another month had gone by a glistening shaft of marble lifted its white urn above their sleeping-place

He came back sorrowfully enough from the graves that day, and, stop-ping, entered the house where the old lawver had lived. The house-woman, by the dead master's instructions, had kept it waiting for him. It shook him not a little to stand alone in that long, smoky room where the rugged, fiery old heart that loved him had ceased to beat. He did not go into the other rooms, the rooms where Maun had set his blood to quicker movement. The woman's life had not matched his; he knew it now. Her swaying grace had passed into a beauteous memory, which to him was as the swaying boughs of trees beside the rythm of that other soul, which, like a star out of the backward streaming darkness had con-

verged upon his own and won it. The next day he saw the will, that strange, laconic instrument of the old lawyer's making. A streak of caustic humor ran through it not unlike sour honey. Judge Bower, despite his sighs at the thought of how little the legatee would profit from it, smiled at his old partner's dying gibes. Then he told John Earling how he had been with their old friend in his last hour and of the message he had left for him. "Then," said the judge, with a smile creeping over his sandy visage, "the end came. But, bless you, the old man died with colors flying; he was true to himself!'

CHAPTER XXVI. obliging, very benevolent, he was, without question, and everywhere he went an unctuous atmosphere went with him. He felt that he was very astute, and often winked deeply to himself when alone, and often dropped the lid of his left eve expressively to the Goddess of Liberty surmounting the Capitol building in the picture which hung upon the wall of his inner office. Not a few times, after looking longingly at that fatal effigy, he had brought his big hairy fist down upon his desk with a crash, and with a thrill

running to every corner of his enormous bulk, had exclaimed: "This summer I'm goin' to get there!" [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PRECIOUS GEM.

The Discovery of the Star of South Africa by a Hottentot Shepherd. In a farm-house, with its large table and bureau, bearing a Bible and Jonn Earling sat down; his hands two or three old Dutch books, and the trembled; would fortune and misfort- clumsy rifle leaning in the corner, aftune ever cease to shock together over er the evening reading of a chapter in the Boer fashion, a trader named Niekirk, who chanced to be present, "I wish I had been here; it might told the vrouw Jacobs that the great, have been prevented." white, shining stones they had been hearing of reminded him of the pebbles the children played with, picked

up along the banks of the neigh-boring Orange river. As he spoke there entered O'Reilly, an ostrich-hunter. They tried one of the stones on the window-glass and scratched it all over, the scratches remaining there till this day. It was agreed that if it was laughed at for his credulity; it was even taken from him and recovered with difficulty from the street where it had been thrown, but "he laughs best who laughs last," in Cape Town the pebble from the banks of the Orange was pronounced a diamond, and bought by Sir Philip Wodehouse for £500. Ten more such were easily found by the vrouw Jacobs, and early in the year 1868 several were picked up along the banks of the Vaal, among them the renowned Star of South Africa by a Hottentot shepherd, who sold it to Niekirk, the trader, for £400, who disposed of it on the same day for £12,000. Then the rush began in earnest, first to Pniel and the river diggings on the Vaal-Preil, which stretched, with its sea of tents, its hive of men and checker of claims, down to the loud and busy river, and up again to populous heights of Klipdrift. Hereand there, but rarely upon the slope, a canteen or dirty canvas, or a plank-built store with a roof of corrugated iron; upon the slope, all pocked with holes, so that all looked like some rnde and careless cemetery. Within three months of the first discovery there were five thousand digging there.

-An electric whipping apparatus has been proposed by an ingenious Swiss, who claims for his invention that it will inflict the necessary pain without leaving those unpleasant marks and unpleasant souvenirs of the casti-

-Cornhill Magazine.

School Reports.

Fifth monthly report of Normal school, for the month be-ginning Jan. 9th and ending Feb. 4th, 1887. Number of days attended by al the pupils, 654. Average number of pupils attending each day 32 7 10; average number of days attended by each pupil 13 2-5; Number of days taught 20. Those who were present every day during the month, George and Marking the month, George and Marking the Mills Corbin Mich.

Granted to Citizens of Missouri for the week ending Tuesday, Feb. 8th, 1887, compiled from the official records of the U.S. patent office expressly for the Weekly Graphic Mich.

Graphic Mich. ing the month, George and Mar-solicitor of Patents, No. 631 F. St. tin Church, Willie Corbin, Mich-N. W. Washington, D. C. of whom ael Connel, Tracy Dunham, Albert information may be had: S. Fronabarger, Mand Milstead, Albright, Nevada, earth auger; J. Nancy Manck, Charlie and Sallie S. Bunker, North Springfield,

Commencing Sep. 21, 1886, and ending Feb. 4, 1887. Length of term 5 months; number of days taught 99; Number of pupils enrolled, maies 29; females 21; total 50; whole number of days attended by all the pupils 3246; average number of days attended by each pupil, 64 23-25; visitors during the term, too numerous to mention. Many thanks to scholars for pres-E. E. EARHART, ents.

Teacher. Report for the fifth and sixth nonths of Pleasant Hill school, listrict No 4, township 64, range 13, commencing Dec. 6th and endnumber of pupils attending each hold of the steamer William Baird, days attended by each pupil site Waverly, in October, 1857. 162-3; number of days taught 40; This is the fifth attempt made to Roll of honor—Lucy, Johnie and recover the treasure, which proves, Eddie Wilson, Cassie, Jacob and if proof were necessary, that the lie Ammerman, Minnie, Maggie, Anna and Emma Davis, Ida and Elmer Pearce, Roseltha Bailey, McClure.

Commencing Aug. 16th, 1886, and ending Feb. 4th, 1887. Length came on and compelled them to of term in days 120; number of cease their labors. Since Shelby days taught 120; whole number of got a taste of the oily Bourbon Joel Whitney was working assiduously at his dream this summer; buildously at his dream this summer; building invisibly; slaving like a beaver, he said to himself, and like the beaver, too, laboring mostly out of sight. He was laying wires everywhere, and everywhere, when in view, his profulgent front mirrored the wishes of his fellows. Very brotherly, very obliging, very benevolent, he was profuled male 19, female and descanted upon its flavor and body every disciple of Jefferson in Carroll, Lafayette and Saline counties has been half crazy to sample the contents of the sunken steamer, of days attended by each pupil 81; Visitors during the term were to ized, capital subscribed and descanted upon its flavor and body every disciple of Jefferson in Carroll, Lafayette and Saline counties has been half crazy to sample the contents of the sunken steamer, of days attended by each pupil 81; Visitors during the term were to ized, capital subscribed and descanted upon its flavor and body every disciple of Jefferson in Carroll, Lafayette and Saline counties has been half crazy to sample the contents of the sunken steamer, of days attended by each pupil 81; Visitors during the term were to represent the contents of the sunken steamer, of days attended by each pupil 81; Visitors during the content of the sunken steamer, of days attended by each pupil 81; Visitors during the content of the sunken steamer, of days attended by each pupil 81. numerous to mention.

ROWENA V. CRAMER, Teacher.

They Went to the Wedding. groom was driven in a buggy through a country road in the direction of his prospective father-in-law's house. Not being familiar with the neighborhood he stopped in front of a dilapidated log cabin and inquired of a lank man who was leaning against a rail fence:

"Is this the way to Mr. Podder's?" "Yes. That's were the doin's is to-night; his darter's goin' to be ister?"

"Yes." "Who's she goin' to git?" "A man named Temkins," said the blushing bridegroom.

"Is he any good?" "Pretty poor stick. I've been mer or this winter."

"Has he got any style?" "Not much."

hitched."

"Well," said the old man with a sigh of relief, "I am glad he's such share equally. On his way to Cape a poor shoat, for my gals has got Rheumatism. Holland's Balm cures Rheumatism in from 1 to 7 heard nobody could go that days; cures Neuralgia in five min-Haute Express.

DON'T TRIFLE

with an ordinary cough or cold. Often it is the beginning of a fa- tall hats. "Excuse me, madam, tal disease, consumption and many but if you do not remove your hat the remedy for all throat and lung trouble. It has been tested and gentlement and lung pen." The lady ignored him. The proven so.

It was a cough That carried him off.

Some years ago a southern Illinois editor of an investigating turn of mind "interviewed" 100 tramps for the purpose of ascertaining their political weaknesses. Holland Ague Relief; it is the best and eleven greenbackers; he be- sensations and aching bones are gan last fall to take the political indications of malaria and if not consus of mother hundred of these attended too you may have a sevgentry, and has just completed it, ere attack of fever. For jaunwhich are wont to prove such lasting the weather having been unproduced it has never been equalled. pitious of late for work of this Price only 50 cents. J. G. Jami-

arearance of the old parties. The entire 100 were labor reformers Marshall Times.

List of Patents.

Granted to Citizens of Missouri bined chair and lounge; J. T. Hart, Foster, hay rake and loader; O. Mysenburg, St. Louis, cast iron railway rails; T. W. Morgan and J. C. Folson, Glasgow, threshing ma-chine; J. F. Poage, LaPlata, Keyboard for violins; E. P. Walker. Kansas City, attachment for elevator doors; R. Wines, Jefferson City, saddle tree forks.

There were 685 patents issued to citizens of Missouri during the year 1886-about one to every 3,165 of population.

A company of Carroll county mossback Democrats are busy digging out a sand bar near Wavng Feb. 4th, 1887; Number of pu- erly in order to recover a cargo of pils enrolled, male 15, females 12; 200 barrels of Bourbon county total 27; whole number of days at | whiskey which sank there thirty tended by all pupils 883; average years ago. It was stored in the day 23 3-40; averaged number of which went down in a gale, oppo-Joseph Dunham, Mattie and Wil- people of that section appreciate a good thing when they know it is around, even though they can't see it. Gen. Jo. Shelby expended Eddie Rummerfield and Elmer a good deal of money and labor a few years ago trying to resurrect this fluid bonanza, and did suc-ceed in getting a few gallons of the precious liquid, but high water work of removing the sand bar is progressing very rapidly. It is stated that an eastern firm has offered twenty dollars per gallon for all the liquor recovered, but it is not probable that any of it A young professor in an Illinois | will be put upon the market after university was engaged to be mar- its merits have once become ried to the daughter of a wealthy known to those who take it out of farmer living in one the eastern the grave where it has counties of this State. On the lain for thirty years. It will be day of the wedding the bride- too good for mint julips for any man to let it go for a money consideration. - Moberly Headlight.

Just as Good.

"Must be pretty cold out your way," he observed to a farmer who had just come into market with his wiskers full of frost.

"Yes, tolerable." "What did your themometer reg-"I hain't got none."

"I should think you'd want to know how cold it was.' "No, I don't keer much. I kin allus tell by touching my tongue

IT IS USELESS.

to the axe whether it's last sum-

To suffer with Neuralgia or couldn't eat with forks, but I reck- utes; for bites of insects, and for on I'll let 'em go. Podder's two frost bites it never was excelled. miles straight ahead."-Terre Price 50 cents. For sale by J. G. Jamison.

A gentleman at a recent mantinee was seated behind a lady wearing one of the fashionable Loud cries of "Take off that hat! Take off that hat!" arose from the audience behind. The lady Use Holland Cough Cure and thought the cries referred to her you will not be carried off by a hat and quickly removed it. "Thank you madam?"—Tropical

DON'T HESITATE

Come to-day and buy a bottle of He found seventy-one of them to tonic known to the medical profesbe democratic, eighteen republican sion for all family purposes. Chilly sort. He now reports a total dis- son sells Holland Remedies.